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# *Ettrick Shepherd*

## MEMORIAL VOLUME





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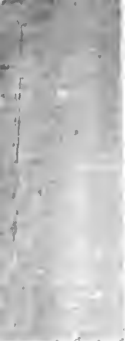


THE  
ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

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MEMORIAL VOLUME.

PRINTED BY  
JAMES LEWIS, SELKIRK.



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# JAMES HOGG

## The Ettrick Shepherd.

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MEMORIAL VOLUME.

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Being the Speeches delivered on the occasion of the Unveiling  
of the Memorial, erected to commemorate the Birthplace of  
JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd, at Ettrickhall,  
on 28th June, 1898.

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With Introductory Sketch by  
R. BORLAND, F.S.A. (Scot.)

Author of "YARROW: ITS POETS AND POETRY,"  
"BORDER RAIDS AND REIVERS," &c.



SELKIRK: JAMES LEWIS, PUBLISHER.

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### *Note.*

THE following speeches were delivered on the occasion of the unveiling of the Memorial erected to commemorate the birthplace of JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd. The brief sketch of his life is appended mainly for the benefit of those who may not have had an opportunity of reading Thomson's "Life of the Poet," or Mrs Garden's "Memorials of her Father." The publisher acknowledges his indebtedness to George Lewis & Co. for the excellent report of the proceedings published in the *Southern Reporter*, and to Nicholas Dickson, Esq., editor of the *Border Magazine*, for some of the illustrations.

It may be interesting to note that the chair occupied by Lord Napier on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument was one of the Ettrick Shepherd's, and was lent by Mr Thomas Amos, Yarrow, whose mother was for a number of years a servant of HOGG.

# JAMES HOGG

## THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

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THERE are few names in Scottish literary history better known than that of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. It is almost a hundred years ago since his first song, "Donald Macdonald," was given to the world; but the lapse of time has neither lessened the public interest in the man, nor seriously diminished the reputation of the poet. Hence the erection of a Monument, by the Edinburgh Border Counties Association, to commemorate the site of his birthplace, and which was unveiled by Lord Napier and Ettrick on the 28th July, has evoked considerable interest and enthusiasm among all classes of the community.

### *His Birth.*

James Hogg was born at Ettrickhall, in the parish of Ettrick, in the year 1770. Unfortunately, it is impossible to fix the exact date of his birth. There was no Registration Act in those days, and birthdays in the case of ordinary mortals were seldom celebrated, so that it is hardly surprising that our poet, when he began to interest himself in the matter, should have had some difficulty in knowing when he first saw the light. He was wont to affirm that he was born on the 25th of January, 1772. He may have been right as to the day and the month, but he was almost certainly wrong as to the year. In the Kirk Session Records of Ettrick his baptism is recorded as having taken place on the 9th December, 1770. But if he was born in January, it does seem strange that he was not baptised till the following December. His father's house was within a few yards of the Manse, so that even if he had been a very delicate child—of which there is no evidence—there was no



reason for his baptism being so long delayed. It has been surmised that Hogg fixed on the 25th January as his natal day, because he had the ambition of becoming the successor of Burns, and perhaps thought that to be born on the same day was a favourable augury. There may not be much in the suggestion, though it is by no means incredible.

Hogg's father was a shepherd, but shortly before the birth of his distinguished son he leased the farm of Ettrickhall—a venture which unfortunately proved disastrous from a financial point of view. His ancestry, however, was by no means common-place. There were witches, warlocks, and distinguished local heroes in the catalogue. His progenitors possessed the lands of Fauldshope for 400 years. "Scott," says Professor Veitch, "laid claim to gentle blood, and prided himself more on this than he needed to do; and I am not sure but that James Hogg had, in point of fact, as good a claim as he, though his immediate ancestors had fallen lower

socially than those of Scott. I say *socially*, for no man falls low who does not fall below right doing."

His mother's name was Margaret Laidlaw. She was a daughter of the far-famed "Will o' Phaup," renowned throughout the Borders for his feats of frolic, strength, and agility. It is said that he was the last man who had seen and conversed with the Fairies. Be this as it may, his daughter was thoroughly versed in fairy lore. She could tell endless fairy tales, and amused and interested her children by relating weird stories of brownies, kelpies, witches, and other aerial visitants. She also knew by heart those grand old ballads which Sir Walter has published in the "Minstrelsy." Indeed, it was from her lips that he heard some of them first. She was not at all enamoured with the idea of their being published. She said they were made for singing, not for reading; and that those Scott had already printed were "neither richt spelled nor richt setten doon."

### *His Education.*

Hogg's education was of the most meagre description. He was six months at school, during which time he learned to read the Shorter Catechism and the Proverbs of Solomon. He must have speedily forgotten most of what he learned, for when he had attained man's estate he made the astounding discovery, one day when writing to his brother, that he had actually forgotten how to form some of the characters of the Alphabet, and had to patch up the words as best he could without them. In this respect our poet presents a striking contrast to Robert Burns. The Ayrshire bard enjoyed singular advantages of a scholastic kind. He was as well educated as most of the gentlemen of the period, and could hold his own in any circle of cultivated society. But not so with James Hogg. During the first twenty years of his life his reading was practically limited to two books—Hamilton of Gilbertfield's "Life of Sir William Wallace," and Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd"—and it was with the greatest difficulty he was able to spell his way through those compositions.

In some other respects, however, Hogg's lot was a highly favoured one. He was born and reared in a district rich beyond compare in tradition, poetry, and romance. From his earliest years his imagination was fired and his heart thrilled with the heroic tales of a bygone age, tales of doughty Reiver and stubborn Covenanter, of love-lorn maid and heroic swain. He was made and fashioned by the spirit of a far-off time, but which may also be said to have lived in the hearts and ruled the thoughts of the men and women of his later age. It is this common tradition which he inherited, which he drank in, as it were, with his mother's milk, that he has embodied and expressed in his numerous tales and songs. He was also powerfully influenced by the scenery, as well as by the associations of Ettrick and Yarrow.

" At evening fall in lonesome dale  
He kept strange converse with the gale,  
Held worldly pomp in high derision,  
And wandered in a world of vision.

The powerful influence of nature in stimulating his genius and vivifying within him the latent

power of song has been beautifully described by himself in the well known lines—

O list the mystic lore sublime  
 Of fairy tales of ancient time !  
 I learned them in the lonely glen,  
 The last abodes of living men,  
 Where never stranger came our way,  
 By summer night, or winter day ;  
 Where neighbouring hind or cot was none—  
 Our converse was with Heaven alone—  
 With voices through the cloud that rung,  
 And brooding storms that round us hung.

The bleat of mountain goat on high,  
 That from the cliff came wavering by ;  
 The echoing rock, the rushing flood,  
 The cataracts swell, the moaning flood,  
 The undefined and mingled hum,  
 Voice of the desert never dumb !  
 All these have left within my heart  
 A feeling tongue can ne'er impart,  
 A wildered and unearthly flame,  
 A something that's without a name.

### *Blackhouse.*

A new period in Hogg's intellectual life began on his entering the service of Mr Laidlaw, farmer in Blackhouse, on the Douglas Burn, in Yarrow. This was in the year 1790, when he was a young man of twenty years of age. Laidlaw was a man of exceptional intelligence, and had read more widely than most men in his station of life. Under his roof the young shepherd found a comfortable home and genial companionship. His son, William Laidlaw, author of "Lucy's Flitting"—the scene of which is laid at Blackhouse—though some ten years Hogg's junior, became one of his warmest and most helpful friends. He has sketched for us, in a letter written after Hogg's death, the appearance of the poet at this period of his life. "His face," he says, "was fair, ruddy, with big blue eyes that beamed with humour, gaiety and glee. And he was, not only then, but throughout his chequered life, blessed with strong health and the most exuberant animal spirits. His height was above the average size; his form at







that period was of faultless symmetry, which nature had endowed with almost unequalled agility and swiftness of foot. His head was covered with a singular profusion of light brown hair, which he usually wore coiled up under his hat. When he used to enter church on Sunday (of which he was at all times a regular attendant), after lifting his hat, he used to raise his right hand to his hair to assist a shake of his head, when his long hair fell over his loins, and every female eye at least was turned upon him, as with a light step he ascended the gallery, where he usually sat."

Some five or six years after he came to Blackhouse, Hogg began the writing of verses, which the servants on the farm used to sing in chorus as they sat round the cheery peat fire of an evening. He was known then as "Jamie the Poeter," an appellation of which he was immensely proud. The writing of these songs was evidently a task of the utmost difficulty. His method was peculiar. "I folded and

stitched," he says, "a few sheets of paper which I carried in my pocket. I had no ink-horn, but in place of it I borrowed a small phial, which I fixed in a hole in the breast of my waistcoat, and having a cork fastened by a piece of twine it answered the purpose fully as well. . . . I always stripped myself of my coat and vest when I began to pen a song, yet my wrist took a cramp, so that I could rarely make above four or five lines at a sitting. I cannot make out one sentence by study without the pen in my hand to catch the ideas as they rise, and I never write two copies of the same thing."

When we remember that our poet only a few years before had forgotten how to form some of the characters of the alphabet, it is simply marvellous that he should in such a short time have become not only an excellent penman, but an almost faultless orthographist. He wrote a bold, firm hand—not so neat and compact as Sir Walter's—but on the whole a trifle more easily read.

We now come to the great crisis of his life. In the summer of 1797 he forgathered on the hillside on which he was herding his sheep with a "half-wit"—Jock Scott, by name—who recited to him the poem of "Tam o' Shanter." Hogg was completely electrified. Big tears of joy and surprise coursed down his quivering cheek as the poem was repeated to him again and again. A new world had suddenly burst upon his vision. He learned from Scott's lips the story of the tragic life of the Ayrshire bard. From that moment he determined to become Burns's successor. Incredible though it may appear, Hogg had never before heard the name of Burns mentioned. The poet's fame had not as yet penetrated the solitudes of Ettrick Forest, though Burns, in the year 1787, had visited Selkirk, where, in the Old Forest Inn, he wrote his epistle to Willie Creech.

### *Transition Period.*

Hogg left the service of Mr Laidlaw in the

year 1800, and went back to Ettrick to assist his father in the management of his small farm. Here he lived and laboured for the next three years. In some respects this was one of the most important periods in the poet's life. He now became a prolific song-writer. At first he never seems to have thought of sending his effusions to the press. He wrote for the sheer love of writing. "He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." However, in the year 1801 he went to Edinburgh to sell his sheep, but not being able to dispose of the whole of them at once, and thus feeling the time hang somewhat heavily on his hands, he resolved to write down some of his poems from memory and have them printed. He was, unfortunately, obliged to select not the best poems but those he remembered best, and handing them to a printer he returned home. In a short time a thousand copies were thrown off and published under the title, "Scottish Pastorals, Poems, and Songs, &c.," by John Taylor in the Grassmarket. The book was

badly printed and shabbily bound, and the poems themselves being inferior productions, it is not surprising to learn that the venture, so hastily resolved upon, turned out badly. The book, indeed, fell dead from the press.

In the following year Hogg and Scott met for the first time, under his mother's roof at Ettrick-hall. Scott was then collecting ballads for the "Minstrelsy," and had come to visit Mrs Hogg that he might increase his already considerable store. This meeting was a fortunate one for Hogg. In Sir Walter he found in after life one of his best, kindest, and most helpful friends.

Being in possession of a considerable sum of money, he now resolved to begin farming on his own account. After looking about in various directions for a suitable place, he at last leased a farm in the island of Harris, and made all the necessary preparations for his departure to his far-off home. It was at this time that he wrote his "Farewell to Ettrick"—

"Farewell, green Ettrick, fare-thee-well!

I own I'm unco laith to leave thee;

Nane ken the half o' what I feel,

Nor half the cause I hae to grieve me."

He little dreamed when he penned these lines that his grief was not to be caused by the going, but by the staying. Almost at the last moment a most vexatious difficulty arose with the tacksman of the farm, with the unfortunate result that Hogg was deprived of his lease and his means at the same time. He seems to have lost his all, and having involved several others in this ill-starred arrangement, he found it convenient to cross the Border for a season "in order to avoid a great many disagreeable and inconvenient questions and explanations." When he returned to his own country he hired himself as a shepherd to a certain Mr Harkness, of Mitchelslack, in Nithsdale, and here, while tending his master's flocks, he applied himself assiduously to literary work. It was at this time that he published his "Mountain Bard," and a work entitled, "Hogg on Sheep." Those works, the former of which was published by Constable,

brought him a good round sum of something like three hundred pounds. Finding himself in possession of what he regarded as a fortune, he set himself, in a mad fashion, to get rid of it as speedily as possible. He took first one farm and then another, borrowing largely in order to stock them, and for three years he went from the one place to the other, "giving up all thought of poetry and literature of any kind." As might have been anticipated, he soon found himself in deep waters financially, and had at last to compound with his numerous creditors. But such misfortunes—heart-breaking as they would have been to most men—sat lightly upon the buoyant spirits of the poet. Like Mark Tapley, he seems to have been most cheerful when most unfortunate.

### *In Edinburgh.*

He now found every door closed against him. He could not even secure a situation as a shepherd; and so, in 1810, he threw his plaid over his shoulder, and, taking his crook in hand, set out for Edinburgh, determined to win fame and fortune in the thorny

paths of literature. He had accumulated considerable material of a poetical kind among the hills of Nithsdale, and as soon as he was fairly settled in Edinburgh he published his "Forest Minstrel." The Countess of Dalkeith, a kind friend and beneficent patron, to whom the book was dedicated, gave him a hundred guineas; but this was practically all the book brought him, as the songs in this collection did not meet with much public favour. But he was not discouraged. He now resolved to launch out in a new direction. He started a journal called the "Spy"—a somewhat unfortunate name surely—which was printed weekly, on a quarto demy sheet, price fourpence. Robert Sym (Timothy Tickler), Professor Wilson, and some other friends of the poet sent contributions, but the bulk of the articles were from his own pen. He started well, but in a few months the number of subscribers rapidly decreased, owing mainly, it is said, to the severe criticisms of the literary ladies of Edinburgh, who professed to be greatly scandalised by the general tone of the



paper. When told of the verdict of this fair jury he exclaimed—"Gaping deevils! wha cares what they say?" The "Spy" ran its course for a twelvemonth, and then disappeared, leaving the Editor a poorer and perhaps wiser man.

### ***"The Queen's Wake."***

In 1813 "The Queen's Wake" made its appearance. Hitherto the Shepherd's fame was confined to a comparatively narrow circle. Men like Scott, Wilson, and Allan Cunningham, thoroughly appreciated his genius, and were convinced he would ultimately make his mark in the world of letters; but few were prepared for such a marvellous florescence of poetic power. This work fairly took the country by storm. "Kilmeny," one of the principal pieces in this collection of poems, is a work of superlative imaginative genius. It has been read and appreciated by all classes. It deals with a theme which the poet from his early training and associations, as well as from the natural bent of his mind, was specially qualified to make his own. He was emphatically the Poet of the Fairies.

*Altrive.*

In 1815 Hogg returned from Edinburgh to Yarrow to reside on a small farm, Altrive Lake, given him by the Duke of Buccleuch at a merely nominal rent. The story is told that when the Duke's architect came to consult him as to a new house which his Grace proposed to build, he said, in reply to certain inquiries, "I don't care what kind o' house ye put up, provided ye mak' a' the reek come oot o' yae lum." His idea was that if two or more chimneys were smoking, tourists passing along the valley would know when he was at home, and would come in and bother him, but that if only one chimney was smoking they might pass on and leave him unmolested!

During the next few years the Shepherd had a busy and happy life, going in to Edinburgh frequently to meet his literary friends, and to make arrangements for the publication of his books. He was much interested in the starting of "Blackwood's Magazine," to which he sent a variety of important contributions, the "Chaldee MS." among

others. It was in the pages of "Blackwood" that the famous "Noctes" first made their appearance, in which the Shepherd was presented to the public in a guise in which he was hardly recognisable by his friends. It is said that he was not too well pleased with the picture of himself drawn by Wilson's graphic pen, but his reputation has not been lessened, but rather the opposite, by these humorous and often intensely clever caricatures.

In 1820 Hogg was married to Margaret Phillips, a young lady belonging to an old and highly-respected Dumfriesshire family, who made him one of the best of wives. She was much younger than her husband, and survived him thirty-five years, dying in Linlithgow in the year 1870.

Shortly after his marriage, Hogg rented the farm of Mountbenger, which lies on the north side of the river Yarrow, opposite Altrive Lake. He must have known the capabilities of the farm, as he had spent many years in its immediate neighbourhood. He went to it in the most hopeful spirit, feeling assured that he was now on the high

way to fortune. But "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft alee." This venture, which seemed to promise so well, turned out a miserable failure. For seven long years he struggled on in doleful mood, and at last was compelled to give up his lease, and retire once more to Altrive, dispirited and penniless. His failure as a farmer has been variously accounted for. He is said to have had a run of bad seasons and low prices. It has also been hinted that the rent of Mountbenger was much too high. This may be all true enough, but one feels that something still remains to be said. As a matter of fact, Hogg never gave any indication of being able to farm successfully. He failed every time he tried. He was probably skilled in the management of sheep, but during his tenancy of Mountbenger he must have left the sheep very much to manage themselves! He was far too busy with his literary work to give much attention to affairs of husbandry. And then he dispensed an unlimited hospitality. Lady

Scott, with her French accent, used to speak of Mountbenger as "de hotel widout de pay." "It was hospitality, no formality, all reality." The truth is, Hogg's general mode of life was not favourable to success in what are called "worldly undertakings." Perhaps it was well. Had he been more successful as a farmer, he might have been less successful as a poet.

### *Closing Years.*

When Hogg left Mountbenger—which took place towards the close of the third decade of the century—he went back to Altrive, there to spend the closing years of his life in comparative comfort—thanks to the generosity of his Grace or Buccleuch. He was a keen sportsman; shooting, fishing, and curling occupied much of his spare time. In the year 1832 he visited London, and was feted in a manner which must have given him the liveliest satisfaction. After his return his health became less robust; the late hours, and heavy strain of excitement having told upon his constitution. In 1835 he breathed his last, and

was laid to rest in the quiet Churchyard of Ettrick, under the shadow of Ettrick Pen, and within a short distance of the spot where he first saw the light.

Long has that harp of magic tone  
 To all the minstrel world been known ;  
 Who has not heard her witching lays  
 Of Ettrick banks and Yarrow braes ?  
 But that sweet bard who sang and played  
 Of many a feat and Border raid,  
 Of many a knight and lovely maid,  
 When forced to leave his harp behind,  
 Did all her tuneful chords unwind ;  
 And many ages passed and came  
 Ere man so well could tune the same.

The origin of the movement to erect a Memorial to commemorate the Birthplace of the Ettrick Shepherd is sufficiently explained in the Circular issued by the Edinburgh Border Counties Association, soliciting subscriptions for this purpose. The following is a copy:—

# The Edinburgh Border Counties Association.

PROPOSED MEMORIAL TO

JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.



At the Annual Meeting of the BORDER COUNTIES ASSOCIATION, held in the Balmoral Hotel, Edinburgh, in January, 1897, a suggestion was made by the REV. ROBERT BORLAND that something should be done to commemorate the Birthplace of JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd, who was born at Ettrickhall, near Ettrick Kirk, in the year 1770.

The old "Clay Biggin'" in which the poet was born, has been entirely demolished, in order to make way for the erection of a more modern and commodious farm-house, which has been built a short distance behind, and some forty or fifty yards to the east of the site of the old house.

For many years the only memorial of the author of *Kilmeny* has been a stone—part of a jamb of the old kitchen—built into the dyke, on the roadside,

with the letters "J. H." scratched on the surface.

The suggestion that a fitting Memorial, something worthy of the poet and the place, should be erected, was heartily taken up by the Association, and the matter was remitted to the Council to take the necessary steps.

The proprietor of Ettrickhall, RICHARD HALDANE, Esq., and the tenant of the farm, Mr THOMAS NICOL, Crosslee, both well-known Borderers, have kindly granted the necessary permission for the erection of the proposed Memorial.

It has been estimated that a sum of about £200 will be required for this purpose, and an Appeal is hereby made for Subscriptions. The object is one which will, we confidently believe, commend itself to all loyal Borderers and admirers of the Shepherd-Poet.

Subscriptions will be gladly received by:—JAMES S. MACK of Coveyheugh, Chairman of Council, 1 Hanover Street, Edinburgh; JOHN KNOX CRAWFORD, S.S.C., Treasurer, 10 George Street, Edinburgh; THOMAS USHER, Secretary, Sycamore



Bank, Duddingston, Edinburgh, and the Rev. ROBERT BORLAND, Yarrow, Selkirk, the latter of whom will receive subscriptions from Selkirkshire and neighbourhood.

THOS. USHER,  
*Secretary.*

SYCAMORE BANK, DUDDINGSTON,  
EDINBURGH, March, 1898.

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Subscribers' names were not difficult to secure, and in a comparatively short time the required amount was forthcoming. Mrs GARDEN, Hogg's youngest daughter, at present residing in Aberdeen, sent a contribution of five guineas, and a cheque for a similar amount was received from R. Gilkison, Esq. Solicitor, Clyde, Otago, New Zealand, a grandson of the poet's. All classes of the community are represented in the list of subscribers.

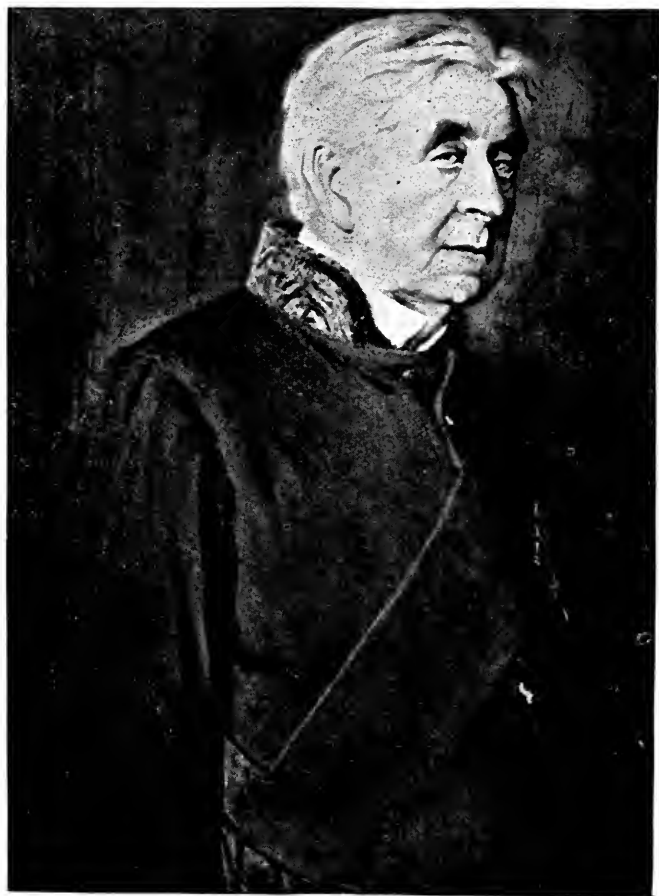
### *Description of the Monument.*

The monumental part of the structure has been executed in the yard of Messrs J. Marshall & Sons, Hawick. This part of the work is of red Corsehill

freestone, and stands about 20 feet high. The lower base carries the inscription in bronze:—  
 “Erected on the site of the cottage in which JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd, was born, 1770. Died 1835. The Edinburgh Border Counties Association.”

The base, which is nearly five feet in height, is finished with a massive thumb moulding, the four corners of which are stopt with acanthus leaves. This is surmounted with a massive obelisk, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet square at bottom. On this the sculptor, Mr Robert Stenhouse, Hawick, has also carved four large ribbons with laurel wreaths, and on the corners over are four rams' heads of excellent workmanship. A little over these, on the face of the structure, is inserted the bronze medallion of the poet by Mr HUBERT PATON. The design and plans were prepared by Mr HEITON, Architect, Perth.







## *The Ettrick Shepherd Memorial*



### A GREAT DAY IN ETTRICK.

Seldom has such a gathering been witnessed in the quiet pastoral valley of Ettrick as that which assembled on Thursday, 28th July, at Ettrickhall to do honour to the memory of one of its most famous sons, when a Memorial to JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd, which has been erected on the site of the poet's birthplace, was unveiled. Not only were the dwellers in the valley present in large numbers, but there were also many visitors from Selkirk, Galashiels, Hawick, and other Border towns, who travelled to Ettrickhall in brakes or by cycle. Besides these, there was a large contingent of the members of the EDINBURGH BORDER COUNTIES ASSOCIATION, to whom is due the erection of the Memorial, and who utilised the occasion by having their annual outing to Ettrickhall.

The sister valley of Yarrow, where Hogg spent the greater part of his life, has long had a Memorial of the Shepherd in the form of a Monument erected in 1860 at St Mary's Loch, but hitherto his birthplace has only been marked by a stone, with the initials "J. H.," inserted in a wall by the roadside. Now, however, over sixty years after his death, a fitting and handsome memorial has been erected, and will show to future generations the spot which, to the shepherd poet's infant mind, appeared "the very centre o' the world."

The ceremony at Ettrickhall was considerably late in starting, and, as a consequence, the time allowed for the after proceedings had to be greatly curtailed. The large gathering, numbering about two thousand, assembled around a platform erected in front of the memorial. Lord Napier and Ettrick, who was accompanied by Lady Napier and Ettrick, presided, and among those on and near the platform were:—Mr Walter Thorburn, M.P.; Provost Roberts, Selkirk; Emeritus Professor Campbell Fraser and Miss

Fraser; Professor A. Seth Pringle-Pattison, The Haining; Rev. R. Borland and Mrs Borland, Yarrow; Rev. George Mackenzie, Ettrick; Rev. R. Birkett, Ettrick; Mr John Scott of Gala; Mr T. Craig-Brown, Selkirk; Mr W. Strang-Steel of Philiphaugh; Mr Scott-Plummer of Sunderland Hall; Mr Ramsay of Bowland; Mr William Garden, Aberdeen (son-in-law of the Ettrick Shepherd); Rev. W. S. Crockett, Tweedsmuir; Mr John Knox Crawford, S.S.C.; Mr Alexander Anderson ("Surfaceman"), Mr J. H. Thin, Mr J. B. Fairgrieve, Mr Walter Brodie, Mr James Crichton, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson of Tushielaw, Mr Thomas Usher, secretary of the Association; Mr William Robertson, president of the Glasgow Border Counties Association; Mr Thomas Dunn, Selkirk (district secretary of the Association); Superintendent Wright, of the Midlothian County Police; Mr Duncan Fraser, Mr John Allan, Mr Alexander Welsh, Coldstream; Mr and Mrs C. J. Grieve, Braxholme Park, Hawick; Mr and Mrs Oliver, Thornwood,

Hawick; ex-Provost Hogg and Hon. Sheriff-Substitute Anderson, Hawick; Mr T. Scott-Anderson of Ettrick Shaws; Mr R. Richardson of Gattonside House, Captain and Mrs Fleming (sister of R. Kipling); Mr Heiton, the architect of the Memorial; Mr King, Melrose; Mr James Sanderson, Woodlands, Galashiels; Mr and Mrs W. Scott, Orchard; Mr R. D. Thomson, Mr A. Barrie, Edinburgh.



### *Opening Ceremony.*

The proceedings were opened with the singing of the 100th Psalm, after which the Rev. G. Mackenzie, minister of the parish, offered up an appropriate prayer.

ADDRESS BY

LORD NAPIER AND ETTRICK.

Lord Napier and Ettrick had a most cordial reception on rising to deliver his address before proceeding to the unveiling ceremony. His Lordship said—Ladies and gentlemen, the meeting



which I have the honour to address, and the object for which it is convoked, offer a striking evidence of the affectionate memory in which the people of the Scottish Borders hold their distinguished fellow-countryman. (Applause.) The land has not been barren of famous men, men of creative fancy, of wisdom, of policy, of action, of labour, of industrial invention. None are forgotten, and several have received local marks of public esteem in their proper places. James Thomson, Sir Walter Scott, Mungo Park, and Leyden, at least, possess monumental or material commemoration in our midst. Nor has Hogg been neglected. (Applause.) His rustic effigy, with plaid and staff and dog, preside over the waters of St Mary's Loch—water which he fondly haunted, and fished, and sang, and drank, with an infusion of another flued which he loved wisely, and which some Scottish poets have loved too well. (Laughter.) The admirers of the Shepherd have, however, not deemed that memorial sufficient. They felt a deep attraction in the humble scene where this

wonder-child drew his first breath, and caught the last accents of the legendary Border muse from his mother's lips. It has accordingly been determined to fix the site of the Shepherd's birth in a form which shall defy the lapse of years and the possible neglects of posterity. This indelible Memorial it will be my duty to unveil to-day, and in doing so it may be well for me to indicate in a few words the rational grounds on which your sympathy and approval may be justly claimed. (Applause.) These grounds may be found, in my humble judgment, first in the example of his life, and secondly in the value of his work. When I speak of the example of his life, I do not mean that our Shepherd poet was in all respects a pattern for our imitation. No man is in all respects a pattern to his fellowmen, for in that case he would be a perfect man. Now, there are no perfect men. If ever you meet a seemingly perfect man, he will probably turn out to be only a man who has not been found out. (Laughter.) The Shepherd had his foibles and his frailties, like other mortals,

blended with many natural and kindly good qualities. But he has left to the world one shining example of imperishable value. He has left us the story of a mind which triumphed over obstacles of poverty, obscurity, and ignorance which might seem insurmountable, but which he vanquished by the sheer force of high aspiration, of self-culture, and self-assertion. (Applause.) No man was ever more a self-made man than the Ettrick Shepherd. He was far more so than Ramsay, or Fergusson, or Burns. Ramsay was descended of gentle folk, and received a careful early education. Fergusson was a scholar of St Andrews. The father of Burns was a man of some literary culture, and of admirable, enlightened character. He gave his glorious son a solid elementary education, which the son was enabled to develop and improve in congenial surroundings. The Shepherd had far less teaching than the average peasant child of his own period. He was barely taught to read. At the age of 18 he could not write in the current character. When he had

occasion to write he copied the printed letters with the pen. He was not totally without intellectual and religious instruction, for he was born in the shadow of Ettrick Church. There he must have listened to the Word of God, the Psalms of David, and the paraphrases of Logan. Yet he was so immersed in solitude and darkness in regard to the outer world, that when he was twenty-five years of age he had not heard the name of Burns. It is little short of a miracle that he was able to emerge from this Cimmerian condition. He taught himself to read with intelligence. He taught himself to write. He taught himself to spell, which is more surprising. Gradually, little by little, partly by the help of friends, chiefly by his own energy, he opened to himself the whole field of contemporary English literature, and placed himself almost on a level with the highest intellectual intercourse of the time. (Applause). This courageous application and industry the Shepherd continued throughout his whole life. We possess the sum total of his selected intellectual

labour in four volumes of original poetry, in six volumes of prose fiction, in a volume on sheep, in a volume of sermons, and in a compilation of Jacobite song, invaluable to the literature of Scotland, and which, in spite of certain characteristic imperfections, has not been superseded after the lapse of more than seventy years. (Applause.) That, then, is the lesson which we may read in the Shepherd's life, the example of arduous and successful aspiration, which may cheer many a poor Scottish youth on his painful ascent to eminence and fortune. (Applause.) I now turn to the value of the Shepherd's literary work. I wish I could affirm that JAMES HOGG was the greatest popular poet of Scotland ; but I cannot do so, and if I did you would not ratify my verdict. That place belongs to Robert Burns. (Applause.) Burns struck a deeper and more diversified vein of reflection and emotion. He associated his verse with all the interests and passions which agitated mankind then, which agitate us now, and which will, as far as we can see, affect the succeed-

ing generations more and more. He made history, nature, theology, politics, piety, patriotism, good fellowship, beauty and deformity, virtue and vice, alike subservient to his inspiration, and has left the stamp of his genius branded on every theme in watchwords, maxims, and proverbial utterances, which will never be erased. (Applause.) In the common view, however, Burns is particularly the poet of the four "L's"—of love, liberty, labour, and liquor. (Applause and laughter.) He has become the poet, almost the prophet, of the British democracy, and his name is handed round the earth with expanding acclamation. The genius of Hogg had a more restricted flight. He dealt by preference with historical and legendary subjects, with the pastoral manners and scenery of his native district, with rustic joys and rustic loves, and with the features of a supernatural and fairy world. Most of his poetry, like that of Southey, has ceased to live; some of it never lived at all, but take the Shepherd at his best, select the finest flowers of his genius, place "Bonny Kilmeny"

and the "Witch of Fife" beside the happiest productions of Burns and Scott, and you will find that our Shepherd need not shrink from the comparison. (Applause.) In one respect the literary faculty of HOGG was even superior to that of Fergusson or Burns. He was capable of a more sustained constructive effort. "The Queen's Wake," regarded as a poetical scheme or plan, is a more elaborate and ingenious composition than any single composition of Burns. As a songwriter, the Shepherd, like Burns himself, was very unequal. Burns wrote far more good songs than HOGG, but HOGG wrote several that run the great master very close. Every one will select his own favourite. For my part, I claim for "Cam' ye by Athole," "When the kye comes hame," and "My love is but a lassie yet," a position of exceptional merit; and it must be remembered that, though one swallow does not make a summer, one song does make a poet. (Applause.) Lady Anne Lindsay, Miss Jean Elliot, Mrs Cockburn of Fairnalee, and William Laidlaw, are all recognised.

as poets, and each of them is qualified for the high fraternity by a single song. (Applause.) This is not the time or place to analyse the merit of the Shepherd as a prose writer. I will only say that, in my opinion, he attained in his best pieces a natural, unaffected, idiomatic English style, which, considering his early training, is almost more wonderful than his proficiency in verse. Much of his prose works is destined to oblivion; but the author of the "Chaldee Manuscript," of the "Shepherd's Calendar," and of the "Brownie of Bodsbeck" was a prose writer of no common humour, versatility, and power. (Applause.) Our distinguished countryman, Andrew Lang, stands at the head of British literary critics in the present age, and not long since this great authority told me that he regarded the "Confessions of a Fanatic" as a work of high literary value. Ramsay, Fergusson, and Burns cannot be cited as prose authors at all. They wrote prose, as we all do, but they did not try to write books in prose. We cannot tell what they would have



done if they had tried. The Shepherd did try, and succeeded, and that gives him an exceptional position among the rustic poets of his country. (Applause.) I trust that enough has been said on behalf of our Shepherd as a man and as a poet to justify the homage which the Border Counties Association are this day paying to his memory. As a native of Ettrick, I desire to be permitted to address a few remarks to my fellow-parishioners on an occasion in which they have a peculiar part. Men and women of Ettrick, do not forsake the love of Ettrick. Local attachments are very common in our country, and very strong, and they exist even where there is little to evoke their presence and their warmth. The sentiment may be natural and instinctive, like the attraction of the salmon to the native stream, or of the swallow to the native nest. At any rate, it has existed in all times and places, and among all conditions of men, and nowhere with more tenacity than in Scotland. (Applause.) Let us be grateful to those whose virtues and whose genius invest our

native places with zeal, enduring attractions, and celebrity. Let us remember that Thomas Boston lived and suffered up yonder, and laboured long with Predestination and the Hebrew Points, and was much exercised by the offences of our forefathers, and that he there provided spiritual sustenance by his pen for the people of Scotland, which lasted for a hundred years. That sustenance has lost something of its savour now. It is no longer fully adapted to our needs, but it no doubt brought faith and comfort in its day to many a humble Christian heart. (Applause.) And do not forget the Shepherd who carries the name of Ettrick, with the melodies and numbers of the Scottish muse, to distant times and lands. (Applause.) Read his poems and his tales, learn and sing his songs, and remember that he made them, and not another. I have often observed that the song is remembered and that the poet is forgotten. That is the best service that you can render to your Shepherd. Give him the human heart as a living shrine. I believe that if you

could now raise him for a moment from his rest, he would tell you he would rather survive in the memory and in the voice of an Ettrick girl than to attach his name to an obelisk of bronze. (Applause.) On a general survey of the whole life of the Ettrick Shepherd, we are hardly warranted to say that it was an easy or happy life. The road to better fortune was long, and steep, and rough, clouded by impending poverty, and chequered with many reverses. Nor do I know that at any period there was perfect freedom from the anxieties that beset the path of humble genius. Yet there were many compensations. The Shepherd had the gift of a sanguine, unconquerable spirit. He had the visionary delights of the poetic temperament, the consciousness of genius, and its eventual recognition and reward. There was also, at all times, faithful, helpful friends. Let us think with gratitude of Brydon of Crosslee, and Laidlaw of Blackhouse, and Grieve of Cacrabank, the patrons and counsellors of his early years. Let us think of the friends of his maturer time, of Sir Walter,

Wilson, and Blackwood. Let us think of the good Duchess of Buccleuch, who recommended the Shepherd on her death-bed to the care of her husband, of the good Duke, who provided him with a congenial home; above all, let us remember the faithful, devoted wife, and dutiful children, who brought respect and affection to his later life. To such influences, strengthened by his own domestic virtues and kindly inclinations, we owe it that our Shepherd passed his declining years in a state of modest welfare, not comparable to the commercial prosperity of Allan Ramsay—"honest Allan"—but bright, indeed, when contrasted with the gloom that gathered round the closing days of Fergusson, Tannahill, and Burns. (Applause.) Now, ladies and gentlemen, it is my duty to unveil the likeness of the Shepherd, and, in doing so, to express my hope that this memorial may long endure as a record of our admiration and esteem. (Loud applause).

His Lordship then unveiled the memorial amid loud cheers, and remarked that he was one of the





few—one of three, he thought, on the platform—who remembered the poet.

A party of Ettrick school children having sung "When the kye comes hame," Mr William Garden, the husband of the poet's youngest daughter, read a message from his wife, who was unable to be present owing to poor health. Mrs Garden expressed her warmest sympathy and interest in the movement. Mr Garden said he had intended to say some things regarding Mr Hogg, but it was difficult for any one to say much on that subject after such an address as we have just listened to from Lord Napier. My only right to appear here to-day is from my being the husband of the Ettrick Shepherd's youngest daughter—Mary Gray Hogg, now Mrs Garden. She is, I am very sorry to say, incapacitated from being with us to-day; but her heart is with us, I assure you, and she has commissioned me to say how much she regrets that she cannot be present at this most interesting ceremony. She wishes me to express to you her warmest sympathy and interest in the

rearing of this memorial, and to convey to the promoters her sincere thanks. Ettrick and Yarrow are very dear to her. Every burn and bracken go to her heart; every green hillside and fairy knowe remind her of Will of Phaup, her great-grandfather, who spoke to the little folks himself, and she desires me to wish you God-speed. I am afraid my wife will never see this memorial, being unable to travel, not through age, but through infirmity. She is an invalid in body, though not in mind. I know myself that she dearly loves your hills and your dales, your burns and your green braes, and often she speaks to me about them. Affection for their father's memory is also a striking characteristic of the Shepherd's family; such affection appeared strikingly in his son, and now does so in my wife, inducing her, doubtless, to quote to you the following lines:—

“ Flow, my Ettrick, it was thee  
 Into life wha first did drap me;  
 Thee I've sung, an' when I dee  
 Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me;  
 Passing swains will say, and weep,  
 Here our Shepherd lies asleep.”



(Applause.) Notwithstanding much of a public nature that JAMES HOGG had to be proud of, nowhere was he happier than at his own fireside with his wife and children. Mrs Hogg was a most gentle, lovable lady. Some mementoes of the Shepherd we have in our house in Aberdeen. We have his fiddle, and it is judged to be a fine one. His archer's uniform at the Innerleithen games Mrs Garden sent to the Selkirk Museum; and the proof-sheets of the "Chaldee Manuscript" to the British Museum. We have still the MS. of "The Confessions of a Fanatic," a prose composition of such singular power that some thought the Shepherd must have had assistance in its composition. Our having the MS. in our possession proved the contrary, and that J. G. Lockhart, who it was thought might have helped, had no hand in the matter. The sole holder of this opinion now known to me is Professor Saintsbury. Had the Professor known HOGG as well as we do down here, he would have changed his opinion ere now. HOGG neither wished for nor required assistance.

(Laughter and applause.) Should the Professor, however, wish to be the sole holder of such an opinion, why not, if it pleases him? Ladies and gentlemen, I have little more to say. It is a long while since Mary Hogg and I were married, and a good wife she has been to me. I can wish no man a better; and we join in thanking you all for the interest you have shown in this beautiful monument to-day unveiled, and of which the bronze medallion, comparing it with likenesses we have at home, appears to me to be a singularly good likeness. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you all, and wish you all good things.

Mr Usher, the indefatigable secretary of the Association, said that he had received a letter of apology from Mr Haldane, the proprietor of the ground, who stated that it had given him much pleasure to grant the site, and he was proud to be thus identified in some way in honouring the memory of one of their most illustrious Borderers. Mr D. Scott Moncrieff, Edinburgh, in a letter of apology, wrote that he was the sole survivor of

the trustees appointed to administer a fund raised by his old partner, Mr John Scott, and Professor Wilson, for the benefit of the poet's widow and family, all of whom he knew. An interesting letter was received from Mr W. Elliot, R.W.M., Lodge Canongate Kilwinning, No. 2, which Lodge, the letter stated, celebrated the natal day of Burns and HOGG on the 25th of January of each year, both poets having been members and poet-laureates of the lodge. HOGG was initiated into Freemasonry under a special dispensation at Cleikum Inn, St Ronan's, on the 7th May, 1835. Mr Elliot's letter included one from HOGG, taken from the Lodge minutes, which will be read with interest :—

“ Altrive Lake,

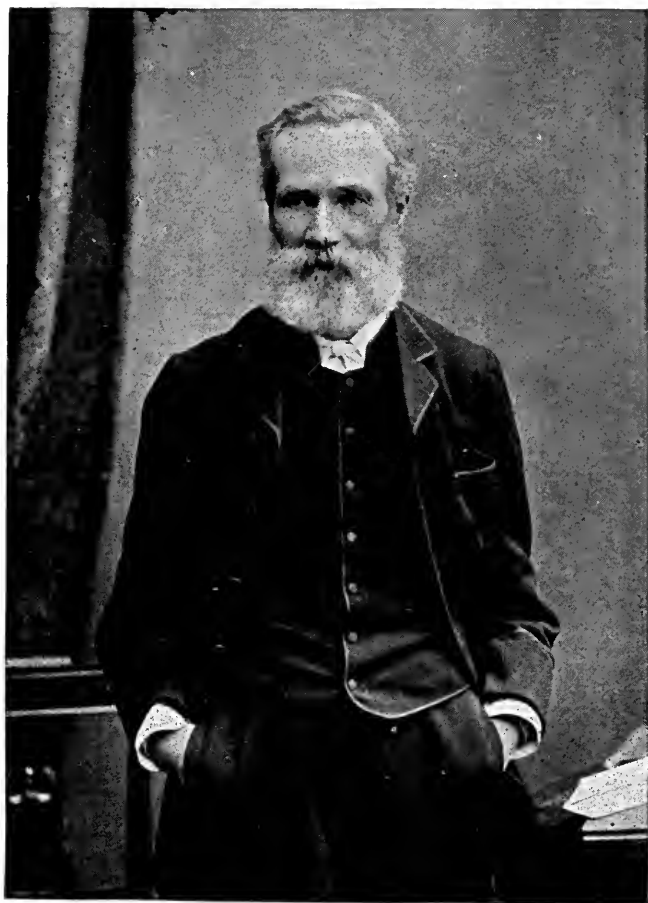
January 25, 1835.

Dear Forbes—I am sixty-five years of age this night. I am not a Mason, and never have been, having uniformly resisted the entreaties of my most influential friends to become one. I am, however, intensely sensible of the high honour intended me, which, coming to my hand on the

morning of my birthday, has, I feel, added a new charm to the old shepherd's life. My kindest respects to the hon. Master and members of the Lodge, and say that I cannot join them, nor be initiated into the mysteries of the art, for I know I should infallibly . . . And, alas! my dear John, I am long past the age of enjoying Masonic revels. I shall, however, be most proud to become nominally the Poet-Laureate of the Lodge, to have my name enrolled as such, and shall endeavour to contribute some poetical trifle annually. I remain, yours and the Honourable Brotherhood's most affectionate

JAMES HOGG."

Apologies for absence were also received from Lord Tweedmouth, president of the Association; Lord Dalkeith, M.P.; Sir T. D. Gibson-Carmichael, Bart., M.P.; Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.; Mr H. J. Tennant, M.P.; Sir Graham G. Montgomery, Bart.; Sir William Rennie Watson, Sir James Ferguson of Spittalhaugh, Mr James S. Mack of Coveyheugh, Chairman of the Council of the Association; Mr Nicholas Dickson, Editor of the *Border Magazine*;





Mr S. D. Elliot, Secretary Edinburgh Borderers' Union; Mr J. Hogarth, Secretary Glasgow Border Counties Association; Mr W. B. Thomson, Secretary London Border Counties Association; Sheriff R. Vary Campbell, Colonel David Milne Home, Colonel Hope of Cowdenknowes, Rev. Dr Hunter, Galashiels; Rev. W. A. P. Johnman, Hawick; Rev. H. Macmillan, Kirkhope; Mr A. L. Brown, Galashiels; Mr R. J. Lang, Broadmeadows; Mr J. C. Scott of Sinton; Mr James B. Brown, Selkirk, and others.

Mr Usher proceeded to briefly notice the object and work of the Border Counties Association, and referring to their present meeting, he said that the Ettrick Shepherd was the greatest of their distinctly Border poets. Their Association once contemplated celebrating the centenary of the poet, but the idea was abandoned owing to the Scott celebrations. They did not, however, forget him, and urged on by Mr Borland, though it did not require much of an impulse, they took steps to erect the Memorial which had just been

unveiled. (Applause.) Their Association acquired by purchase a short time ago the Tower of Thomas the Rhymer and adjoining cottages at Earlston; they also acquired by purchase the cottage at Denholm where Dr John Leyden was born. The first names on the Visitors' Books at the latter place were those of Lord and Lady Minto, and he was sure that all Borderers would be extremely gratified at Lord Minto's appointment as Governor-General of Canada. (Applause.) Mr Usher concluded by saying that what they had done that day would be viewed with the deepest interest by Borderers all over the world. (Applause.)

The Rev. R. Borland was the next speaker. He said he had no doubt that he was asked to say a few words because he was Minister of Yarrow. HOGG was, of course, born in Ettrick, but when he grew to man's estate he gravitated towards the green braes of the classic Yarrow, and it was while tending his flocks there that he was first visited by the Muse; it was on Yarrow's hills



he penned his immortal lays and lived the greater part of his life, and where also he died. Proceeding, Mr Borland said—The peasantry of Scotland have done infinitely more for their country than merely cultivate with skill and success the stubborn soil on which their lot has been cast. From their ranks have sprung many of our best and greatest men in every department of life,—(Applause.)—men like Telford, the great engineer; Mungo Park, the renowned African traveller; John Leyden, poet, scholar, archæologist; Robert Burns, the divinely-inspired ploughman; and JAMES HOGG, whose memory we are met this day to honour. (Applause.) Our Shepherd-poet is in some respects the most remarkable man of them all. He started life under great disadvantages of an intellectual kind. He tells us himself that he was at school for about six months, during which time he learned to read the Shorter Catechism and the Proverbs of Solomon; but Mr Beattie, the schoolmaster of Ettrick at that time, used to declare that HOGG had never been at

school at all. This much, at least, is certain, his education was of the most meagre description. In this respect he differed widely from Burns, whose schooling was of a superior order. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that Burns was technically as well educated as Sir Walter Scott. Yet, despite this disadvantage, HOGG rose to a very high position among the foremost literary men of his age, and as a poet has secured a place second only to Burns himself. But though HOGG got practically no schooling, his education in other respects was not neglected. His mother's influence was very great. She was a remarkable woman. Her memory was stored with the legendary lore of the district. She seemed to know by heart all those grand old ballads relating to the Borders which Sir Walter Scott has published in the "Minstrelsy." Indeed, it was from her lips Sir Walter first heard some of them, and her prophecy has been strangely fulfilled, that when the ballads were printed they would cease to be sung. She could also tell no end of fairy tales—tales of witches and warlocks

brownies and kelpies, and other aerial visitants. From his infancy Hogg was made familiar with the rich treasures of his mother's mind. He makes beautiful allusion to his mother's influence in the well-known lines in which, referring to Sir Walter, he says :—

" Blest be his generous heart for aye,  
He told me where the relic lay ;  
Pointed my way with ready will  
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill ;  
Watched my first notes with curious eye,  
And wondered at my minstrelsy.  
He little ween'd a parent's tongue  
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung."

The influence of Nature also upon the poet's mind was very great. In this respect he was one of the most fortunate of men. His lot was cast in one of Nature's sweetest nooks. Where will you find fairer hills, or more lovely glens, or sweeter streams, than in Ettrick and Yarrow and the surrounding Border country ? And where will you find another district in the world so steeped in

romance and poetry ? To be born and reared in such a land is an education in itself.

“ Oft had he viewed, when morning rose  
The bosom of the lonely Lowes ;  
Ploughed for by many a downy keel,  
Of wild duck and of vagrant teal ;  
Oft thrilled his heart at close of even,  
To see the dappled vales of heaven,  
With many a mountain, moor, and tree,  
Asleep upon the Saint Mary.”

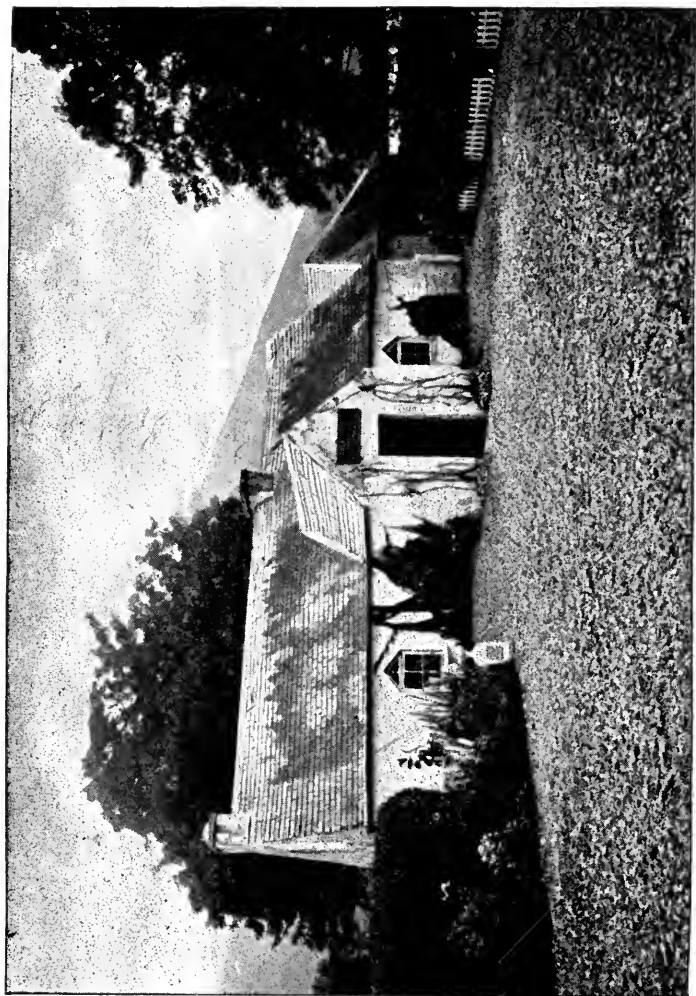
Ever, indeed, was he under the spell of

“ That undefined and mingled hum,  
Voice of the desert never dumb.”

The “ Queen’s Wake ” is the high-water mark of his genius. He never wrote anything better than, he never wrote anything so good, as “ Kilmeny.” (Applause.) One can understand the feeling of a Mr Dunlop, belonging to this parish, who met the poet in Edinburgh shortly after its publication. He said to him—“ Man, your ‘ Queen’s Wake ’ has cheated me oot o’ a nicht’s sleep. Wha wad hae thocht there was sae muckle in that sheep’s heid

o' yours?" (Laughter.) The "Queen's Wake" took the world by surprise. Every one felt that a new and powerful mind had appeared in the domain of poesy. Had Hogg written nothing but "Kilmeny" he would still have been entitled to rank as one of our greatest poets. One often hears it said that "Kilmeny" has really in it less of Hogg than anything else he has ever written. I do not agree with the criticism. I am humbly of opinion that nothing that has come from his pen is so perfectly germane to his genius. (Applause.) Who in that age was better able to write of Fairyland? He had lived, as it were, in this enchanted region, and among these enchanted beings, from his very infancy. The whole thing was real to him in a way and in a sense which we can hardly appreciate in this more scientific age. And when he came to sing of Fairyland his deepest emotions were powerfully stirred. The theme had been the fascination of his life. Had his heart and soul not been in it, he could not have sung so eloquently and so well. There is nothing strained, nothing

unreal in this exquisite poem. It flows with the spontaneity, the freedom, of the gushing spring on the mountain side. Much of HOGG's work will die; much of it, perhaps, is already dead. The same thing is true of HOGG's greatest contemporaries—Byron, Wordsworth, Scott, and Southey—have they, too, not grown visibly less during the intervening years? Time has also been thinning their branches. Only that which is highest, only that which is best, will ultimately survive. There is no danger of HOGG ever being forgotten. His name lives—his name will live. “Kilmeny” will cast the spell of her weird and beautiful spirit over many centuries, and the “Skylark” will go singing down the ages, and mayhap greet with its joyous note the dawn of the millennium. (Applause.) We are proud of JAMES HOGG, proud of him as the most gifted of all our Border poets. His note is often inexpressibly sweet, thrilling the deepest chords of the heart. He has sung of the joys and sorrows of rural life, and in doing so has made the lot of the peasant at once more dignified







and more enjoyable, for he has taught this lesson—that life does not consist in rank, or station, or wealth, but in being true to one's manhood—that in this you find the highest good. (Applause.) In conclusion, let me add that this monument, which has been erected by the Border Counties Association, more than sixty years after the poet's death, will bear witness to the esteem in which he is held by this generation. We can only say with Lockhart that Hogg was "the most wonderful man that ever wore the maul of a shepherd." (Applause.)

Mr Walter Brodie asked the company to give three hearty cheers to Lord Napier for his services in unveiling the memorial, and for his address; and this request was heartily responded to. Lord Napier shortly replied.

On the motion of Mr Usher, cheers were also given for Mr Heiton, the architect, who briefly responded.



### *The Luncheon.*

Immediately after the ceremony, a luncheon was held in a large marquee, kindly granted for the occasion by Mr Strang Steel of Philiphaugh, which was erected in a field near the Memorial. There was a very large attendance at the luncheon, which was purveyed by Mr Macaulay, Selkirk. Lord Napier and Ettrick presided, and the croupiers were Mr C. H. Scott-Plummer of Sunderland Hall, the Convener of the county; and Provost Roberts, Selkirk.

The Chairman, in proposing the "Health of The Queen," read an extract from Her Majesty's "Diary," dated August 15th, 1871, in which she related her reading of a volume of poems by Hogg under a thorn tree in the garden at Holyrood. The volume had been presented by John Brown; and there they had Her Majesty as a votary of the Ettrick Shepherd. (Applause.)

His Lordship also proposed the toast of "The Prince and Princess of Wales, and other Members

of the Royal Family," and expressed sympathy for the Prince in his recent accident.

"The Navy, Army, and Auxiliary Forces" was also submitted by the Chairman, and Lieut.-Colonel Anderson of Tushielaw briefly replied.

The principal toast, "The Immortal Memory of the Ettrick Shepherd," was proposed by the Rev. W. S. Crockett, Tweedsmuir, who said—One thought has been much in my mind all through the proceedings of to-day. I do not think any one can be here and irresponsible to the greatness of the occasion. We are something more than interested; we are deeply touched; our hearts are stirred within us. We recognise that there is in our meeting place to-day not only the feelings of interestedness, but the added touch of pathos—deep, and pure, and strong, which has not been present on the previous occasions in which we have gathered to honour the memory of those Border immortals with whom this Association has so conspicuously identified itself. For he whose name is on all our lips and graven on all

our hearts to-day sleeps his last sleep close at hand, in the midst of the land he has rendered immortal, and so near his birthplace and the scenes of his youth. We were at Earlston in 1895, but six centuries have not lifted the veil of mystery which shrouds the figure of Thomas the Rhymer. In some spot unknown to mortal ken the prophet bard of Ercildoune is sleeping till the breaking light of morn. At Denholm, where we were in 1896, one might stand by the birthplace of John Leyden, but his exiled tomb is thousands of miles from the sweet haughs of the Teviot—

“ A distant and a deadly shore  
Has Leyden's cold remains.”

Have you noticed how many of those who were born and reared in this old Borderland, and who have left behind them some heritage of their genius, have lain down to rest after life's fretful fever in places far removed from their ancestral shrines? We think of another reared on these same hills whose last resting-place by the Niger it is impossible to tell with any certainty. James

Gray, the Dumfries friend of Burns and the brother-in-law of JAMES HOGG, fills an Indian grave; so does James Grainger. William Laidlaw, the boon companion of him whom we are to-day commemorating, and in after years Sir Walter Scott's trusted confidant, one of the sweetest souls who ever wore the human frame, sleeps amid the Highland solitudes in Conton Kirkyard. Thomas Aird has a humble enough grave at Dumfries; William Knox lies in the old Calton Burying-ground at Edinburgh; James Dodds was buried at Dundee; Andrew Mercer, a Selkirk bard almost unknown to the present generation, rests under the shadow of Dunfermline Abbey. Three have found a grave by the Thames—Dr John Armstrong, the poet-physician of Liddesdale; Thomas Pringle has a forgotten-looking grave in the historic Bunhill Fields; and James Thomson reposes beneath the marble of Richmond Church, far from the

“Tweed, pure parent stream,

Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed.”

Yet one is glad at the same time to recall the many whose dust is in the bosom of the Borderland, who have done so much to make that Borderland what it is, whose genius has so pricelessly enriched, with all that is most fascinating in story and song, that literature of which we are so justly proud. The greatest of all could find no sweeter resting-place than by the Tweed. (Applause.) John Younger at St Boswells, James Nicol at Traquair, Thomas Tod Stoddart at Kelso, and John Veitch at Peebles, lie there. Henry Scott Riddell sleeps at Teviot-head, Jean Elliot at Minto, Lady Grisell Baillie at Mellerstain, Thomas Davidson at Jedburgh, and JAMES HOGG here in the heart of the Ettrick homeland.

“ Flow, my Ettrick, it was thee  
 Into life wha first did drap me ;  
 Thee I’ve sung, an’ when I dee  
 Thou wilt lend a sod to hap me ;  
 Passing swains will say, and weep,  
 Here our Shepherd lies asleep.”

Yes, just out there he sleeps to-day, the marvellous shepherd of the Ettrick hills, beside Will o' Phaup, and Thomas Boston, and Tibbie Shiel, and the rude forefathers of the hamlet, and beside Robert Hogg, and Margaret Laidlaw, the mother who taught him as only a noble, heroic, unselfish, believing, hoping mother could; who had penetrated the secret of his young heart as he sat at her feet during those long winter evenings and listened to the crooning of that old-world minstrelsy which was to awaken the depths of song in his soul, and to fire him with the ambition that one day he, too, might become a singer, a bard, one who would set down in glowing verse and ringing rhyme all that was majestic, and beautiful, and awesome in the world of nature; all that was sweet, and pure, and pleasurable in the common round of life, as it was lived in the Ettrick and Yarrow dales, and who might also touch the secrets of that other world which lay beyond that of sense, that mysterious, awe-inspiring, unseen universe, with which a poet's vision seemed to be best acquainted. And that

boyhood's dreams he fulfilled, that early fireside ambition he realised. (Applause.) HOGG had his true and distinct place amongst our native singers. In Border literature he is second to Scott. In the wider domain of Scottish song, modern criticism ranks him next to Burns, though, it must be admitted, at a considerable distance. One has not time to contrast HOGG and Burns, but when we remember HOGG's early years and the many barriers which stood in his path, the poverty that held him down with an iron hand, the seclusion of Ettrick from the outside world, we are justified in affirming that in many respects the shepherd was a greater man than the ploughman. (Applause.) But it is the province of genius to overcome obstacles, and HOGG soon became an expert penman, whilst his spelling, grammar, and pronunciation were almost flawless. It was about this time, too, that he had his first revelation of Burns. You know the story—how Jock Scott, the half-witted lad of the hills, met him one day and



began to recite "Tam o' Shanter," and how, after having had the immortal epic repeated and re-repeated, until long portions of it had been got by heart, the mental resolve was made that he, too, in some way would lead his country into a rich possession of song. How well he did that we know. (Applause.) Next to Burns, the Ettrick Shepherd is unquestionably the most distinguished of Scottish bards springing from the ranks of the people. A child of the Forest, nursed amid the wilds, and tutored among the solitudes of Nature, his strong and vigorous imagination had received impressions from the mountains, the cataract, the torrent, and the wilderness, and was filled with pictures and images of the mysterious which those scenes were calculated to awaken. His ballads and songs are sweet and musical, and replete with pathos and pastoral dignity. The youngest herd-laddie knows all his songs, and can tell all about his stories. He is *the* Shepherd, *their* Shepherd, and no "kirn," or "dicing," or country wedding, or, indeed, any festive occasion, is

complete without some of the Shepherd's songs, given with due native gusto, by some more obscure wearer of the crook and plaid. (Applause.) Hogg's songs are nearly all of the country. They breath the caller air of the Ettrick Hills, and refresh one like the bracing breezes that blow across Yarrow's dowie dens. "When the kye comes hame" is unequalled for its matchless word-painting of rustic life and manners. It was the poet's favourite song, and once on hearing it characteristically sung at a gathering of Tweedsmuir shepherds his eyes were seen to be filled with tears. His "Skylark" has no rival. In all but twenty-four lines, it is admittedly one of the best productions of the language. "My love is but a lassie yet," and "My heart is sair, I daurna tell," have attained a wide popularity. Hogg's Jacobite songs are among our choicest lyrical gems—"Flora Macdonald's Lament," "M'Lean's Welcome," "Cam' ye by Athol?" "The wee, wee German lairdie," are all suffused with interest for an ill-fated cause. "Lock the door, Larriston"

has the real Border ring about it; and one has a regret to-day that he did not write more Border songs. (Hear, hear.) In the region of the supernatural, HOGG stands alone. Perhaps the most beautiful title given to HOGG is that of "Poet-Laureate to the Court of Fairy." "Kilmeny" is one of the most inimitable productions of all literature, and one does not wonder that it brought the world to the Shepherd's feet. For choice imagery, brilliance of conception, and wealth of the Nature element, it is quite unapproachable; it might well of itself give HOGG his claim to immortality. The memory of the Ettrick Shepherd will never fade so long as there are Ettrick hills and glens, and leal-hearted sons of the Forest, and Border Associations such as the body under whose auspices we are met, and loyal Scots all the world over. (Applause.) We claim him as one of the great triumvirate of Scottish poets—Burns, Scott, and HOGG. We utter their names in the same breath. (Applause.).

Shall Scotia heedless disregard,  
 Or fail to own the Shepherd's claim  
 To be enrolled as peasant bard  
 'Mong her immortal sons of fame ?

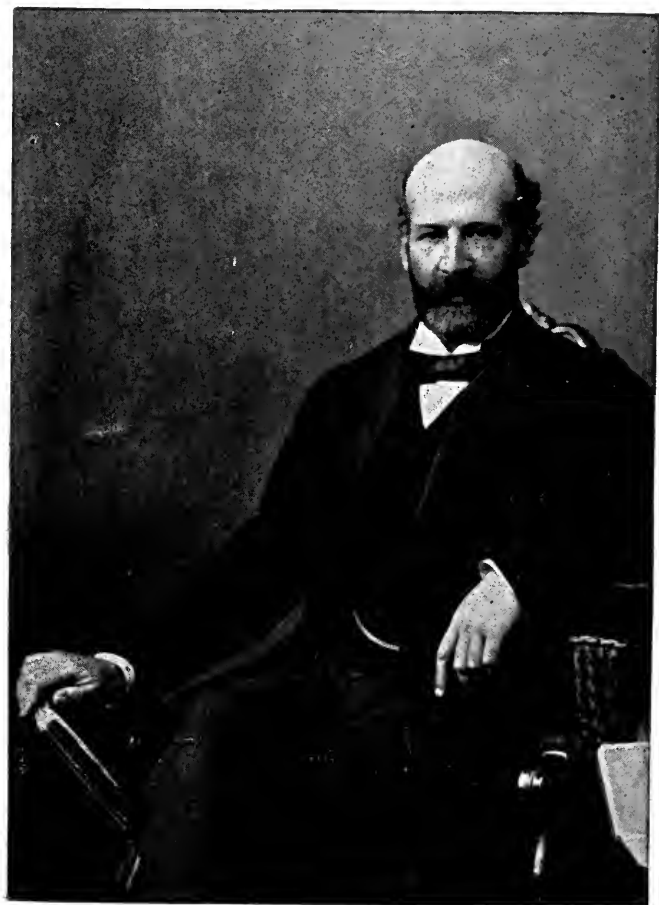
Must all her words of praise be poured  
 On author of the bold Rob Roy,  
 And humble merit be ignored—  
 Have Shepherd tales for her no joy ?

Must all her love be lavish lent  
 To poet of the passions wild,  
 And not one kindly smile be bent  
 On Fancy's fair and favoured child ?

No, Heaven forbid ! in mem'ry's urns,  
 While patriot fire her bosom thrills,  
 Shall be enshrined with Scott and Burns  
 The Shepherd of the Ettrick hills.

(Applause.) The toast was pledged in silence.

Mr Scott of Gala proposed "The Houses of Parliament," and Lord Napier, in replying for the House of Lords, said he thought it would be obvious to everybody that one might glory in being a member of a House one side of which was represented by the Marquis of Salisbury and





the other by the Earl of Rosebery. (Applause.) In responding for the House of Commons, Mr Thorburn, M.P., alluded to the large amount of useful legislation which had been carried through during the last two sessions. These sessions, he said, had been called dull sessions; but when they heard of a dull session in the House of Commons they might depend upon it that it had been a most useful one, because it meant that business had been conducted in a business-like manner, and that no unnecessary time had been spent in discussing measures. (Applause.)

The Rev. R. Borland submitted "The Edinburgh Border Counties Association," and in doing so he said the Border district had a special history. He thought Borderers represented a distinctive phase of social and intellectual life. It was a good thing for the Borders and for the country that the Border spirit should be thoroughly maintained. (Applause.) Mr Borland also expressed the indebtedness of the Association to Mr Strang Steel for his kindness in granting the

marquee. Mr Usher shortly replied, and expressed his pleasure at seeing so many ladies present. He was glad to know that in their country gatherings the number of ladies was increasing, as ladies could sympathise in all the objects of the Association. (Applause.)

Mr T. Craig-Brown shortly submitted "Kindred Associations," and Mr William Robertson, President of the Glasgow Border Counties Association, replied.

Professor Campbell Fraser proposed "The Town and District of Selkirk." In doing so he said—I think that some one else—some one native born in Selkirk district—at any rate, one later born—endowed too with the genius of poetry, and not a retired logician—should present to your attention what a high living authority has described as pre-eminently the land of song among all districts in the inhabited world. (Applause.) But it has seemed otherwise to my friend Mr Usher, and as a loyal member of the Border Counties Association, however reluctantly, I must obey his command.



(Laughter.) Yet in all other respects it is with a pensive pleasure that I find myself to-day brought back in the evening of life to Selkirkshire and to Ettrick. It is a region associated with happy memories, I may not say of the "morn of youth," but of "life's temperate noon," in those many summers when I was an annual visitor to the Forest—helped as a Professor and otherwise by its invigorating and spiritually ennobling influences. It is a region affectionately remembered by me and my family for its universal hospitality, and for friends, many of them passed from "sunshine to the silent land." But it was a particular inducement to return to Ettrick to-day that it was to join with you in homage to the memory of a poet, who is perhaps the most signal example of the educating influence of the scenes and traditions of the Scottish Border; indeed, one of the most memorable examples of self-education under inherited influences and surroundings of this sort which our literature presents. (Applause.) And the interest of the occasion was in every way

increased when I learned that the ceremonial was to be inspired by Lord Napier—universally venerated and beloved—the honoured representative of all that is best in Border and in Scottish history and character and genius. (Applause.) JAMES HOGG is not the only famous Scot connected with this Selkirk region whose commemoration by his countrymen I have been permitted to witness since I became a member of the Border Counties Association. I remember the gathering at Newark to commemorate the great Minstrel of the Border on the centenary of his birth; and a few years later, the monumental celebration of the birth of Leyden at his early home in “Bonnie Teviotdale.” Then, some two years ago, there was the tribute at Earlston to that earliest of Border, if not indeed of Scottish poets, Thomas the Rhymer. And the other day, I saw unveiled at Peebles a Memorial of the historian and one of the latest poets of the Border, who was from the beginning to the end of his life the most devoted of her sons. (Applause.) But, besides

these, there is the succession of bards, whose voice of song has issued from the Selkirk district, or been awakened by it elsewhere, in the six centuries which intervene between Thomas the prophet and rhymers of Ercildoune and John Veitch the poet and philosopher of Peebles—in a gradual advance from the earlier and ruder expressions of heroism, or love, or pastoral melancholy, to the blaze of poetry in Leyden, and Hogg, and Scott, and, outside the Border, in Wilson and in Wordsworth, early in this century. (Applause.) I might speak, besides, of adventurous explorers like Mungo Park, or men of fervid religious genius like Boston of Ettrick, or, looking abroad and around Selkirkshire—of the poet of the “Seasons,” as well as votaries of science like Brewster and Mrs Somerville in Roxburghshire; of subtle and bold philosophers like David Hume in last century in Berwickshire; and of Thomas Carlyle in this century, who carried from his birthplace at Ecclefechan the Border spirit which helped to make him one of the great moral and religious teachers of the age. (Applause.)

This is not the place for even touching the causes which have made this land of pastoral hills and sweetly-sounding streams in the centre of Scotland a nursery of brave resolve, imaginative feeling, and high thought—the subject and the source of song—a region in which, “though inland far we be,” our souls somehow seem to gain a truer sight of “that immortal sea which brought us hither.” But the fact remains that this region, more than any in Scotland, has awakened the sense of the supernatural reality that lies behind all outward nature, the spiritual consciousness, whether in cruder or more cultured fashion — the “sense sublime”

Of Something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

But will its high distinction in present and past centuries be prolonged into the coming century, and later still? The greatest among those whose imagination it has inspired appeared when the nineteenth century was in its youth. Not without

followers, indeed; but later years are, perhaps, more noted for your commemorations of departed genius than for fresh inspirations. The tide of busy modern life flows in increasing volume through these valleys. Modern industrial civilisation is at work more and more in this land of romance and chivalry. The modern tourist, often, I daresay, untouched by the magic of the scene, disturbs the stilly solitude of the Ettrick or the Yarrow. So it may seem that the halo in which the Forest was enveloped, in the imagination of Hogg, or Scott, or Wilson, or Wordsworth must gradually disappear in the utilitarian and less romantic spirit of the new time. But the advent of genius is incalculable. It is not for me to predict how the rapid industrial progress of Selkirk and Galashiels, or the entrance of the railway into Ettrick and Yarrow, may affect the Forest as a nursery of imaginative sentiment and high thought for the world. Thus far I do not find that in the town of Selkirk, the modern utilitarian has depressed the tastes and sympathies that find expression in

literature. The contemporary world of letters is grateful to Selkirk for one of its most productive, versatile, and brilliant figures in the person of Andrew Lang. (Applause.) Two magnificent quarto volumes in which Mr Craig-Brown has described the character and history of Selkirkshire are a worthy recognition of its poetical and historical associations by a citizen of its county town. (Applause.) Another townsman, in pleasing and pathetic verse, proves that industrial success does not rob the hills and vales of the Forest of their pathos and poetry, or make them less apt to awake the spiritual sense than in bye-gone years. (Applause.) Words like these issuing lately from Selkirk appeal to all who have felt the healing power of Yarrow :—

“ No sound, no word, from field or ford,  
 Nor breath of wind to float a feather,  
 While Yarrow's murmuring waters poured  
 A lonely music through the heather.

What secret to the inner ear,  
 What happier message was it bringing,  
 What more of hope and less of fear  
 That man dare mix with earthly singing ?

Oh, Yarrow, garlanded with rhyme  
 That clothes thee in a mournful glory,  
 Though sunsets of an older time  
 Had never crowned thee with a story.

Ah ! those indeed were happy hours  
 When first I knew thee, gentle river :  
 But now, thy bonny birken bowers  
 To me, alas ! are changed for ever.

The best, the dearest, all are gone,  
 Gone like the bloom upon the heather,  
 And left us singing here alone  
 Beside life's cold and winter weather

I, too, pass on ; but when I'm dead  
 Thou still wilt sing by night and morrow,  
 And help the aching heart and head  
 To bear the burden of its sorrow."

(Applause.) On the whole, we may indulge the hope that in the coming century the imagination and the intellect which this famed region has

nourished in the past will not die out in monuments and memorial celebrations. Let us rather anticipate that the monuments may unite with surrounding nature and a memorable history, in reviving under new forms the influence which has given to the land associated with Hogg and Scott and Wordsworth a unique place of honour in the history of Scotland, and in the eye of Europe. With these memories and hopes, I propose "The Town and District of Selkirk." (Applause.)

Provost Roberts replied, and said that from the earliest times down to the present the interests of the county town and of the vales of Ettrick and Yarrow have been closely allied, the county being a pastoral one, and Selkirk being devoted to the tweed trade. The long depression in that trade had not yet come to an end, but he hoped they would soon see better times. (Applause.) Provost Roberts stated that a short time ago a letter from Belgium was delivered to him by the postal authorities, addressed "The Mayor of Ettrick." (Laughter.) It would interest them to know that



the object of the communication was to ascertain the exact date of the Ettrick Shepherd's birth. He had written to ask why this information was wanted, as it would have been interesting to know, but, unfortunately, he had received no reply. To many of them it might be something of a surprise to learn that the exact date of HOGG's birth was unknown.

Mr J. Knox Crawford proposed the toast of "Mr Richard Haldane, the proprietor of the ground on which the Memorial is erected."

In proposing the toast of "The Chairman," Professor Pringle-Pattison said—Late as the hour is, there is one toast which I am sure we cannot consent to omit; happily, it is a toast which needs no words of mine to commend it to a gathering of Borderers—I mean the health of Lord Napier and Ettrick. (Applause.) Thirlestane is one of the fastnesses of Border story, and its lairds are linked with some of the most famous incidents of Border minstrelsy. Uniting the blood of the Scotts of Thirlestane with that of the Napiers, Lord Napier

represents a family distinguished alike in war, in diplomacy, and in literature. (Applause.) An elegy on one of his ancestors which I happened to read lately describes Sir William Scott of Thirlestane as "illustrious in birth, more illustrious in virtue, an excellent counsellor, a judge of all polite letters, and a man to be compared with few in regard to integrity of life." I am sure that every one here will recognise in this description the features of our noble chairman of to-day. (Applause.) It is unnecessary for me to recall to you his long and distinguished career as Ambassador in America and at the chief European Courts, or his services to the Empire in India. But I may fittingly refer to that love of Ettrick and of the Borderland of which he has spoken so feelingly to-day, and of which he is himself such a shining example. (Applause.) There are few spectacles, I think, finer or more impressive than to see the statesman who has served his country on the broader stage of the world retiring to his native vales and living the





simple life of a country gentleman, devoting to the affairs of his county and neighbourhood the talents which in a wider sphere earned for him the gratitude of his Queen and country. (Applause.) I need say no more, save to tender our thanks to Lord Napier for consenting to grace our ceremony to-day, to thank him also for the eloquent and finely discriminative address he has given us, and to assure him in your name of the honour and affection in which we hold him. (Applause.) Lady Napier was included in the toast, which was received with enthusiasm. The noble Chairman shortly replied.

Mr T. Scott Anderson submitted "The Vice-Chairman," and Mr Scott-Plummer briefly replied.





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